

REYNOLDS WAYNE WOLCOTT

Interviewed by the Reporter for "The Independent."

He Tells of His Recovery from an Illness that Threatened to Incapacitate Him. Is now Able to Attend to His Duties. Has Nothing but Words of Praise for the Remedy Used.

From the Independent, Auburn, N. Y.
It having come to the knowledge of the editor of the Cayuga County Independent of Auburn, that Rev. N. Wayne Wolcott, Pastor of Baptist Church, of Fleming, N. Y., had been cured of nervous prostration by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, he sent a reporter to that town to ascertain from Mr. Wolcott the truth of the report, and receive from his own lips a statement of his case and how he had been benefited.

The reporter found Mr. Wolcott to be a gentleman some 40 or 45 years of age, in good health, and active in his ministerial duties. He is highly esteemed as a pastor and a citizen, and is a gentleman of strict integrity, whose statements can be implicitly relied upon as truthful in every respect and devoid of exaggeration. In reply to questions as to the truth of the report that he had been benefited by Pink Pills he made the following statement: "Eight years ago while pastor of the Baptist Church in Covert, N. Y., I was stricken with nervous prostration. During the winter of 1887-8, I had conducted revival services and delivered a series of lectures in addition to my work as pastor and became completely run down. I could not work, and felt as though my days were numbered. I tried a doctor, but did not receive much aid from him.

At this time I received a call from the church at Tully, N. Y. At first I determined not to accept it, for I knew that in my weak condition I could not do the work. But hoping against hope, I finally decided to try and accordingly went there. My health continued to fail and I grew weaker, and I thought I would have to give up entirely my work for God, which I love. Just then, however, the sun broke through the clouds. Mr. Tallman, of Tully, whom I shall always remember as a benefactor, recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had tried them and they had done him good. As a last resort I tried them. The effect was wonderful and immediate. From the very first box my system began to tone up, my blood became rich, and once more I became the strong and vigorous man I was before my health failed.

"My labors, if you know of the labors of a country pastor, you can readily believe, were very heavy. I had not been able to work, and was losing my interest in the cause of Christ, but like magic my old vigor returned and for three more years I labored there and raised \$4,000 toward building up the church in addition to my regular duties. All my friends say of me that I am a very hard working man, but in Covert I could not work. After I went to Tully and the pills had restored my health, I think I may say that I merited that name. For three or four years after I left Tully I did evangelistic work. Two years ago I came here. Since then I have never had any return of my old trouble, but am in good health, strong and active, with no symptom of nervous prostration, which was caused by overwork. It is a homey expression, but I feel like 'wrong-out dish-cloth without any starch in it.'"

"I owe my present good health to Pink Pills, and want most heartily to commend the magic remedy to every one troubled with nervous prostration or physical weakness. As a parting remark Mr. Wolcott said: 'I have often thought that in return for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, I would like to become a medical missionary to make known their merits.'"

A MICHIGAN MAN'S ENTHUSIASTIC ENDORSEMENT OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

From the Times and Express, Adrian, Mich.

Mr. Simpson is the owner of the Simpson Block on Main Street and a prominent young man of Marquette, Michigan. In the spring of 1889, Mr. Simpson's health, which had heretofore been characterized by the utmost ruggedness, began slowly, at first almost unnoticeably to fail him. The first symptom he experienced was an unaccountable loss to his appetite. His weight, which had averaged 175 pounds for a number of years, began slowly to decline. He became a subject of the blues and his days were made miserable by an almost constant headache. As the case progressed the symptoms became more marked, plainly indicating a radical disorder of the functions. He became emaciated and depressed, his skin became dry and harsh, a heavy dragging pain in the region of the kidneys strongly pronounced the nature of the trouble—kidney disease, although repeatedly incorrectly diagnosed.

He consulted and was treated by expert medical men, and at periods felt better. The encouraging changes, however, were deceptive. He lost hope, believing himself to be on the verge of an invalid's life. His admirable physique and great endurance resisted for a time the encroachment of the disease. But the struggle seemed hopeless. Although cognizant of a remarkable cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had performed in this locality, indubitably proving their great efficacy and virtue, he had little faith of their helping him. Nevertheless, he purchased a box of the pills and began taking them. At first he noticed no change in his daily condition, but as he continued the use of the pills he became convinced that there was a change, and that change together with a resumption of his complete restoration to health is better told in his words:

"I determined to give them a thorough trial and ascertain their true merits. At the commencement I was fast nearing a physical wreck, pain racked, and strongly tempted to give up. I continued to take the pills, and began enjoying instead of dreading my night's rest. 'Could it be possible that a permanent change for the better had occurred? It seemed too good for me to build hopes upon, yet I was surely improving—miraculous it seemed. I continued using the pills and during the succeeding weeks I gained rapidly and with convalescence came joy. The road to recovery is a sunshiny one, no fears, no discouragements, no more depression, a keen and delightful realizing that once more health is near at hand, and health,' he said impressively, 'is everything.'"

"Do you enjoy as good health now as you did before your sickness?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, sir. I am strong, have a hearty appetite, and enjoy sound, refreshing sleep. I keep the pills ever at hand, and," he continued, "I firmly believe that had it not been for them I would not be here to-day. I owe my life to them and am ever ready to render my most grateful praise in favor of their wonderful merits."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and morose complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE OWOSSO TIMES.

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OWOSSO FRIDAY, SEPT. 3, 1897.

THE HOME STRETCH.

Searchlight now has a 3-year-old pacing record of 2:09 1/4.

Ed Gillies has turned Lady Golden over to Henry Muller.

The fastest mile trotted last year was in 2:06 3/4, by Fantasy.

Joe Ashley, 2:18, dropped dead at Bellefontaine, O., recently.

Crozier, 2:15, the sire of Javelin, 2:08 1/4, is owned in Honolulu.

Newton's Allie Wilkes is the sire of the bay gelding Senator Brice, 2:34 1/4.

McHenry has turned out Rose Croix, 2:13 1/4, and will not work her until another season.

George Starr's \$4,500 colt by Director, out of Winfield, by William L. is lame and running out.

Online, 2:04, in George Starr's stable, has all his old speed, as he paced a quarter in 30 seconds recently.

Princess Eulalie, by Prince Belmont, owned by Mr. George McD. Blake, Elkhart, Ind., is said to be very fast this season.

Clay Pointer, 2:35 1/4, by the famous free for all pacer Star Pointer, 2:01 1/4, is expected to take a very low record this year.

Courier-Journal is the fastest new performer of the year. His record of 2:08 1/4 is also the best taken by a 4-year-old this season.

The 3-year-old filly Janie T., 2:25 1/4, owned by Trainer George Fuller, is out of Nida, the dam of Leone, with a yearling record of 2:38 1/4.

Marie Wellington, 2:20 1/4, is the fifth standard performer credited to old Rushville Maid, dam of Vitello, 2:10, by Wilson's Blue Bull.

Until Driver Spear recovers from his injuries, caused by being thrown from his sulky recently, Tom Dunbar will drive the Hubinger horses.

Nell Caffrey, the black mare by Charles Caffrey, won the 2:40 class for pacers, over the half mile track at Boone, Ia., recently in 2:18 1/4, 2:17 1/4, 2:18.

The 2-year-old pacer Billy Andrews, by the well known and popular Kentucky sire Bow Bells, recently worked a mile at Readville, Mass., in 2:15.

The pacer mare Miss Eleanor, 2:19 1/4, by Overstreet Wilkes, has been purchased by the well known eastern horseman Mr. Joseph Middleby, Jr., of Boston.

Ed Geers put six horses in the 2:15 list in July—The Abbot, The Monk, Passing Belle, Durodevill, Valencia and Elsinora. They are all 4-year-olds and Valence.

John Tilden, the western trainer and owner, drove the mare Ella T. a mile at Middletown, N. Y., Aug. 14, in 2:09 1/4, establishing a new record for the track.

PROVERBS OF PRIDE.

Pearcock, look at your legs!

Pride is the sworn enemy of content.

Pride may lurk under a threadbare coat.

The nobler the blood, the less the pride.

A proud look makes foul work of a fair face.

You gazed at the moon and fell into the gutter.

It is good pride to desire to be the best of men.

Pride leaves home on horseback, but returns on foot.

A proud pauper and a rich miser are contemptible beings.

A man may have a just esteem of himself without being proud.

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown, contentment in a cotton nightcap.

Pride goes before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin is pride that apes humility.

A little dog, a cow without horns and a little man are generally proud.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

The pride that holds its head high rarely picks up anything, whereas modesty, like a diver, gathers pearls by keeping his head low.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

A unique jewel brooch simulates a wheel and Mercury wings.

A coveted chateaufort watch is open faced, with diamond pave watch.

The button watch affords a novel time-piece and is worn in the buttonhole of the cuff.

Tiaras and necklaces continue to hold important places in the list of personal ornaments.

Lapla leann heads, connected by gold links, afford a pretty flexible bracelet at a comparatively small cost.

There are bracelets of all kinds, from the plain gold bangle to those set with diamonds in elaborate designs and arranged in such manner that the center can unscrew and form a brooch or hair ornament.

A revival in jewelry is the cross of other days. This design is worn as a brooch, a hair ornament or suspended from a long chain. Artistic crosses have appeared in Roman gold, studded with gems. Other crosses are in enamel, with or without precious stones.—Jewelers' Circular.

PRESIDENTIAL LIFE LINES.

Martin Van Buren was the longest lived of the presidents, reaching his eightieth year.

One-third of all the presidents have died in July and half of them in July and August.

The average duration of life of the presidents of the United States has been 73 years 8 months.

William Henry Harrison was the oldest man to become president. He took office at 67 and lasted one month.

John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe died on the same date, July 4, and James A. Garfield was shot July 2.

The military heroes among the presidents were advanced in years, Jackson being 69 at the time of inauguration and Taylor 65.

HOWE'S HINTS.

Love is no more lasting than youth.

A fool is nearly always obstinate too.

There is an awful lot of time wasted in hoping.

Foolish mothers ruin more boys than whiskey.

Some people save money by not paying their bills.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming
And badly all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged thick deep with pearl.

From shades now roofed with Carrara
Came chattering a muffled roar
The stiff rails were softened to swan-down
And still fluttered down to snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden furies of snowbirds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were falling it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall
And thought of the laden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloudlike snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

PHEMIE.

"It's no use trying," said Phemie.

"Mother hates me, and everything I do is wrong."

"Your mother can't help it, Phemie," said Dr. Jasper.

He was the new medical man, in huge favor with Mrs. Albatross, Phemie's mother.

"Your mother is highly strung—quite a woman of genius, and allowances must be made for her temperament, my dear young lady. Temperament rules everything."

Indeed, Mrs. Albatross' temperament seemed to rule Dr. Jasper, the parson, the squire, the parish, but it did not rule Phemie.

"Look here," said the girl—she was just past 20—"you and mother are always croaking about me, I know, but you do nothing to help me. At least I think you would, but you're afraid!"

"Your mother used to take an interest in you, but you did not meet her halfway. Is not that so?"

"No, it isn't. When I was 16, she had a fad of dressing me up in last century costume and making a doll of me—not my style at all—just to show off her own cleverness and quirkiness at my expense. She said I was ugly and only dressing could make me fit to be seen."

"Well!" said Dr. Jasper, who was a rising young medico of 30, as he looked gravely and judicially at the pretty much tried girl, who only half believed in his good will.

"Well," said Phemie, "every one laughed, and I showed mother I would not stand it."

"And then?"

"Then she packed me off to school. The mistress said I was sort of dazed for a time, as if I had been ill treated—and so I had—and quite neglected, but they were kind to me there, and I was very happy for more than a year, except in the holidays, which were always odious. Then you came along!"

And Phemie paused and stole a doubtful glance at the doctor.

"What then?" said the doctor, like a person coldly inquiring for ordinary information, yet with a certain little twinkle in his eye which did not escape the aggrieved Phemie.

"Then," said the girl, "I thought you were my friend at first, but I don't now. At least—"

At this moment Mrs. Albatross entered, and, turning sharply on Phemie, said with a snap, "I suppose you haven't fed the fowls or sorted the linen or done anything but idle away your time, as usual?"

"I was called when Dr. Jasper came because you could not be found."

"I'm sick of your excuses. Dr. Jasper does not want to see you. Then, in quite an altered tone, as Phemie shrunk away out of the room: "Do you mind coming up to my sitting room? I want to have a talk with you about those changes at the infirmary. I am sure you will agree with me and you will be most useful. We can't allow things to go on," etc.

Dr. Jasper always did agree with Mrs. Albatross, but somehow he molded her, and she usually came round to his opinion. He listened and she talked. He could wait, and when he had taken her bearings—without ever interrupting or contradicting—she listened and he talked, and not then, but next time, she echoed his opinions and fancied they were all her own.

"It is such a comfort to find a sensible man to talk to in a stupid place like this," said she, laying her arm confidently upon the doctor's as he sat smiling and agreeing with her.

Mrs. Albatross had worried one husband into the grave—she was too clever for him—but her intellectual vivacity, imagination and enterprise made her an interesting companion. She was only a little past 40, and very well preserved, and she meant to marry Dr. Jasper.

Whether it was hypnotism or will power the doctor came again and again and would not send in his bill, and the doctor's bill never was paid. He paid himself.

"Don't speak to me," said Phemie hurriedly as she met the doctor coming down stairs after a long confab with her mother. "Mother's about. She's out all tomorrow afternoon. I've got to paint the doors!"

And Jasper passed out with a sympathetic smile. She knew he would call and advise her about painting the doors. He did call.

"What a deal you know about mixing paints and things! I'm sure I want good advice a great deal more than mother does. But, then, I'm not clever like mother," added Phemie, with a little aggrieved pout. "So it's not worth while talking to me."

"I do feel for you," said the doctor, with an unusual warmth of manner. "I have done all I could to get your mother to be fair to you, Phemie"—he had never called her Phemie before, and she felt her color rise. "What's the matter?" he asked hastily, for suddenly Phemie's eyes filled with tears, and she just went off then and there and left the paint pots and things without saying another word.

Dr. Jasper's visits became more frequent. Mrs. Albatross was constantly seen about the village with him. They met in cottages. She was devoted, so she said, to nursing the sick. It was certainly a new development. She was never seen with her daughter, nor was Jasper, but he saw her daughter oftener than she knew. Still it seemed less and less possible to do without Mrs. Albatross. Her ability, her cooked foods and port wine for "cures," her influence with the squire, who disliked and obeyed her; with the parson, whose good will was important to the doctor and who was afraid of Mrs. Albatross, for she browbeat him in the chair at parish meetings, picked holes in his sermons and organized the penny readings, which he disliked, under his very nose—all this and a good deal more—for Mrs. Albatross was a woman and not above feminine arts—put Jasper in rather a tight place.

He knew that Mrs. Albatross wanted to marry him, and there were days—yes, whole days—when he really thought he should be obliged to marry Mrs. Albatross.

The moment came. It was in the little sitting room up stairs.

Something had happened. Dr. Jasper saw that plainly enough.

The lady was flushed and excited, and he missed the usual confidential hand squeeze.

"I—I wanted to see you," she said and paused. "Nothing has come to your ears, I suppose?"

The doctor looked inquiringly.

"Well, then, I'm dreadfully troubled, annoyed beyond measure, put out. Of course, you know my maid, Susan. She has been with me ten years and is not a gossip!"

"What on earth do you mean? Do be plain. Surely with me you might be quite plain." And he moved a little nearer, feeling at that moment a curious kind of attraction which almost compelled him to lay his hand upon her arm and force her to be quite honest.

"Don't keep me on tenterhooks," he said eagerly. "Tell me!"

"I will," said the lady. "I feel I can tell you anything. I don't think I have any other friend in the world—at least, not like you. No one understands me, no one has helped me as you have, and we've got to part. That is all!"

"What on earth," said Jasper, really shaken and troubled—he had never seen her grow pale like that and her lips quiver like that, and she was not of the crying sort, and she did not cry now—"what—what has Susan been saying?"

"Only that it's all over the place, and that she thought at last she ought to tell me!"

"You couldn't quite say it."

"Yes, I do," she said. And she rose and walked up and down the room full of a sort of angry vexation, mingled evidently with a conflict of passionate feeling she could neither conceal nor subdue.

"Sit down," he said. He had risen. He took her arm. She was positively trembling. He led her to the sofa by the fire.

"I shall have to leave this place," she said in a sort of hard voice. The angry tears came into her eyes. He had never seen her weep. This was the nearest approach to it.

"I know what you are going to say. Don't say it. No, you shan't go. You are useful. The people trust you. It is your sphere. I am the marplot."

"Why should you go?" said Jasper, hardly measuring his words. "Why should either of us go? Why not stay—and stay—stay together?"

"You don't mean it?" Men at such times are more fool than knaves.

"Yes, yes—I do."

Jasper had taken her hand. The woman with the iron will, the keen intellect, the nature self contained, which seemed at times as hard as nails, turned toward him and in another moment fell crying and laughing hysterically into his arms. At that moment, as if luck would have it, Phemie, hearing unusual sounds and thinking some one needed assistance, entered.

"Go and fetch some sal volatile. Your mother is not very well." Indeed, at that moment Mrs. Albatross seemed to have really fainted away. Whether she fainted or not no one will ever know. The doctor himself was doubtful.

Jasper never entered the house again. He went home, packed up his things, wrote a hurried note in a disguised hand to Phemie, who on the following day would be 21 years old and come into \$500 a year, which had been left her to the disgust of her mother, by her fond father—and Jasper went to bed.

He must have risen early. No one at his lodgings saw him go out. His hot water was brought up at 8 o'clock. His boots had not been put out over night.

The servant knocked again at 9. The door was not locked. She entered. She saw boxes packed and labeled "Left till called for." The bed was empty.

The station was a mile off. There were only two passengers by the early train.

When Mrs. Albatross came down to breakfast she inquired for Phemie. Phemie was gone.—Sketch.

Order of Publication.

State of Michigan—In the Circuit Court for the county of Shiawassee, in Chancery.
The Shiawassee Savings Society vs. Herman B. Furmy, Mamie Furmy, John H. Block, Margaret Hockstadt, Chas. C. Duff. Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the county of Shiawassee in Chancery at city of Corunna, on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1897. In this cause appearing from affidavits on file that the defendants Herman B. Furmy and Mamie Furmy are non-residents of this county and their place of residence is unknown, and cannot be ascertained after diligent inquiry. On motion of W. M. Kilpatrick, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendants Herman B. Furmy and Mamie Furmy cause their appearance to be entered herein, within five months from the date of this order, and in case of their appearance that they cause their answer to the complaint to be filed and served on said complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendants. And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in The Owosso Times, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that it cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for their appearance.

W. M. Kilpatrick, Complainant's Solicitor.

Probate Order.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF SHIawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Shiawassee, holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Corunna, on Thursday, the 5th day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Clyde, Glen, Clare, and Pearl Stark, minors.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Emma Stark, guardian, praying for license to sell real estate of said minors as in the petition set forth.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 7th day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that at and after said time said minors and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Corunna, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Shiawassee for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing.

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

Notice.

The partnership heretofore existing between Bullock & Burpee, of New Lothrop, has been dissolved by mutual consent. Geo. Bullock will continue the business, collect bills and pay all accounts. I will be responsible for any debts contracted after this date.

H. L. BURPEE.

New Lothrop, July 21, 1897.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

State of Michigan, county of Shiawassee, ss. In the matter of the estate of William W. Burpee, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance and by virtue of an order granted to the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for said county, on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1897, there will be sold at public vendue, at the court house, at the front door of the court house in the city of Corunna, in said county, on Tuesday, the 12th day of October, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day all the right, title, and interest of said deceased in and to the following described lands and premises, situated in the township of Middlebury, county of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, to-wit: The west half of east half of north-west quarter of section twenty-four (24) in town seven north and range thirty-six west, township, Shiawassee county, Michigan.

GEORGE T. MASON, Administrator of said estate.

Dated August 16th, A. D. 1897.

Announcements for School Year 1897-8.

DATES OF EXAMINATIONS.

Regular, Corunna, August 19th and 20th, 1897.

Special, Owosso, August 19th and 20th, 1897.

Regular, Corunna, March 31st and April 1st, 1898.

Special, Durand, June 16th and 17th, 1898.

All examinations will begin at 8:30 A. M., standard time.

Applicants for third grades will write upon geography, theory and art, a history, reading the second half day; arithmetic, penmanship and history the third half day and civil government and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first and second grades will write upon geography,